An IMPARTIAL ENQUIRY INTO THE CASE OF Miſs *BLANDY*;

WITH

Reflexions on her Trial, Defence, Repentance, Denial, and Death.

Vos ô mihi manes
Eſte boni, et quoniam ſuperis averſa voluntas
Sancta ad vos anima atque iſtius inſcia culpæ
Deſcendam.

Fortiſſima Tyndaridarum.

O Death where is thy ſting.

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WHETHER indolence or avocations contributed moſt to the unſeaſonable appearance of theſe reflexions, needs not be related; curioſity will admit of no excuſe for reviving ſo ſtale a ſubject; but where there is room for meditation even to madneſs, reflexion will not ſoon be diſguſted. The death of Miſs *Blandy*, though recorded only in a news paper, may be as intereſting to man as the exit of a hero enſhrined in hiſtory: how can we improve our minds at an eaſier rate than by contemplating the appearances that paſs daily before our eyes?

Hoc opus hoc ſtudium parvi properemus et ampli.

REFLEXIONS

On the CASE of

Miſs *BLANDY*.

AT length this unhappy woman has drunk the bitter draught, has met her fate ſoberly, ſteadily, courageouſly, to appearance religiouſly and devoutly, without ſeraphic ardors, unnatural contempt of life, without extravagant and enthuſiaſtic deſire of death. Fears ſhe ingenuouſly owned, fears (commonly imputed to preternatural ſuggeſtions, but highly becoming and very rationally ariſing in the mind of every Chriſtian that conſiders what it is to give an account to an omniſcient Judge;) to give ſuch account inſtantly perhaps, that ſhall as ſwiftly be followed by a ſentence irreverſible to all eternity: will not theſe terrors be augmented by ſuch an ignominious death, a death embittered with all the pomp of horror, all the circumſtances that make it inconceivably dreadful? ſuch perſeverance when joined with innocence is looked upon as the higheſt attainment of virtue; and in dubious caſes has been often preſumed as the ſtrongeſt mark of inward peace: when complicated with guilt is juſtly abhorred as

the moſt daring impiety, a prodigy: The wretched catholic is in ſuch inſtances reduced to the pooreſt evaſion; a diſtinction without a difference; and inſtead of judging the doctrine by the death, qualifies the death by the doctrine; a *Ridley* dies with obduracy and hardneſs of heart, a *Jeſuit* in *Japan* ſuffers with patience and perſeverance, or in the words of *Tillemont*, one goes to heaven, the other to hell. Both theſe ways of determining are moſt illogical and fallacious, but of their ſincerity we may ſafely preſume, where recantation is in the balance with life. Here the caſe differs; but if Miſs *Blandy* was conſcious of guilt, pride outweighed every concluſion of reaſon, every precept of religion, every inſtinct of nature. Perſeverance in vice, in the ruling paſſion is frequent indeed, at the laſt gaſp, but in natural death the intellects decay in proportion with the principal organs; this proportion, tho' not always, yet may be obſerved to hold very often. Were it otherwiſe, betwixt the weakneſs of nature, and the encreaſing ſtrength of terror, what muſt be the condition of that large part of mankind in their laſt hours, could they die in poſſeſſion of their reaſon?

In circumſtances ſo ſeaſonable for deluſion, if a predominant paſſion re-aſſerts its ſway, at leaſt under a plauſible diſguiſe, it is not ſurprizing, tho' it can no longer hoard, yet avarice may be buſied in the moderation of expences.

Ambition contrive to propagate its honours to futurity, and pride be ſtudious to perpetuate the family name.

But

But what diſguiſe can falſhood at this ſeaſon aſſume, eſpecially where the powers of the ſoul are under no ſtupefaction? the declaration therefore of a dying perſon has been always deemed prepollent to any other.

In a court of judicature no man is believed who contradicts the declaration of a dying man againſt his ſuppoſed murderer, tho' he may be prompted by deſire of revenge, and encouraged in the indulgence of it by conſidering it as the deſire of juſtice *; but few ſeem diſpoſed to believe Miſs *Blandy*'s narrative, tho' no part of it implies direct and wilful perjury in any of the witneſſes againſt her, and tho', as ſhe accuſes Cranſtoun, and did not intend it ſhould be publiſhed, till it had received the laſt ſanction with her dying breath. Her motive to atteſt a falſhood is difficult to aſſign.

Shall ſuch an event paſs unnoticed?

Shall we acquieſce in her guilt?

Shall we not be diſguſted at ſuch amazing depravity, bluſh to partake of that common nature, that is capable of ſuch tremendous impiety,

Defiance to the living God?

A crime ſo ſhocking in its own nature, and ſo aggravated in all its circumſtances, as may juſtly render her infamous to the lateſt poſterity, and make our children's children, when they read the horrid tale, tremble to think that ſuch an inhuman, ſuch an obdurate wretch ever exiſted †.

Shall we at once pronounce her innocent, reverſe the verdict againſt evidence, againſt probability, againſt fact?

* Vide Gent. Mag.

† Vide *Bath.* Speech.

Surely we may without offence calmly endeavour to ſolve this phænomenon, without preſumption diſcuſs this intricate, this complicated ſeries of events?

In the various lights this tranſaction may be viewed, there is room for the divine, the caſuiſt, the lawyer, the naturaliſt, the phyſician, to take each a diſtinct province and ſolicit the attention of their countrymen to points of ſo great importance as ariſe from the examination of this affair.

In the Capital ſtrange ſcenes of iniquity, and periodical emptyings of the jails into the grave are occurrences that move the paſſions (if we may judge from ſome appearances of inattention to this buſineſs) little more than the return of fairs or races; in the counties contiguous to the Capital, the executions are ſo multiplied as ſcarce to call for notice.

But as we proceed farther from the center of wretchedneſs and vice, the baleful influences of corruption are gradually diluted by ſome reſerves of religion, morality and moderation in depravity. The Sheriffs are frequently put to the expence of white gloves, an expence which ev'n a miſer muſt covet to diſburſe; nay a ſummer aſſize has been known in a midland county within theſe few years without a culprit, the grand jury not finding the bill againſt the only criminal then waiting his trial.

This circumſtance leads to a point very unfavourable to all thoſe who maintain the paradox of Miſs *Blandy*'s innocence.

This event happened in a county unpolluted with weekly tragedies.

The priſoner is carried to a jail occupied perhaps by a few ſheep ſtealers, ſhe raiſes the curioſity, ſhe ſolicits the regard, ſhe fixes the attention, not of a herd of ruſtics (who open their eyes to ſtare at prodigies and gape with amazement at the recital of bloody deeds, but are obliged to ſhut them for ever from all inquiſition into cauſes) but of a city of philoſophers, natural and moral, divines, lawyers, phyſicians, ſcholars in every branch of literature; young gentlemen from all parts of the nation were ready, were eager to liſten to her tale of woe.

In ſo happy a ſituation for clearing every point of her behaviour, for illuſtrating every dark paſſage, examining caſuiſtic doubts, diſcuſſing and conteſting medical and precarious evidence, giving to every circumſtance its proper weight, anſwering all objections, and obviating replies from malice or prejudice; did ſhe continue under ſuch an imputation, did ſhe continue in a moſt unaccountable ſilence for upwards of ſix months, a ſilence that ſpeaks, with other circumſtances ſpeaks too ſtrongly her guilt or her folly.

At laſt ſhe opens her mouth at the aſſizes, talks of enemies, of irons, of ill uſage, denies the fact, but takes no pains to obviate none of the material evidence, though fully acquainted with the depoſitions.

Afterwards ſhe prepares an apologetic narrative, which though it draws its principal ſtrength from her dying atteſtation; yet could it be of no more uſe to her than an uncredited apology publiſhed in her life time, when it might have received all the

the aſſiſtance poſſible from the circumſtances of her ſituation abovementioned; nor would ſhe have wanted the aid that can at preſent be perhaps but of little ſervice, ev'n to her reputation; at leaſt we hope we ſhall not fix deeper the colours of her guilt by a feeble attempt to waſh them out, not more fruitleſs than what was attempted after her conviction from compaſſion and from duty founded on a conſciouſneſs of ſome facts very ill accounted for.

At preſent I hope none will take offence while

His ſaltem accumulate donis, et fungar inani
Munere——

eſpecially as theſe ſtrictures are ſupported in ſome meaſure by the authority of a gentleman very converſant in criminal law, and in his knowledge of the human heart out-done by no man.

To ſome circumſtances of this affair juſtly may be applied the remarks on Miſs *Blandy*'s print, who is charged with poiſoning her own father, which cruel act was perpetrated for his eſtate, to which are annexed lines properly adapted to her wicked crime, publiſhed as a memento to youth of either ſex.

It was obſerved, that the ſaid advertiſement was baſe and infamous. That ſuch ſcandalous methods tended to prepoſſeſs the minds of men, and might take away that indifference, with which jurymen ought to come to the trial of a priſoner. That their own paſſions were too apt to biaſs and prejudice men in the trial of very flagitious offences;

offences; for the mind being thoroughly heated with deteſtation of an inhuman crime, is prepared to receive every ſlight impreſſion againſt thoſe who are accuſed of it, and the weight of the evidence is commonly enhanced by every circumſtance which enhances the weight of the crime: when to this deteſtation we add prejudice againſt the accuſed, and prepoſſeſſion of their guilt, all hope is removed from a defendant; nothing indeed being more difficult than to acquit thoſe whom we have once convicted in our own hearts.

That by the law of *England* all perſons were preſumed innocent, till found guilty by their country; but that here a woman was adjudged guilty of the moſt enormous of all crimes before conviction. That ſhe was here ſtigmatized, and hung up as an example of the blackeſt iniquity to others, at a time when her trial is near approaching. That the ingenious artiſt deſerved infamy for expoſing ſuch a print, and likewiſe thoſe who indulge a vain curioſity by encouraging ſuch wicked and abominable practices.

Whether any of this reaſoning be applicable to thoſe harangues in which the laws of *England* indulge the counſel for the crown, let proper authority determine; for though as the Hon. Mr. *Legg* obſerves in his excellent ſummary of the evidence, in proportion to the enormity of the crime ſhould be the ſtrength of the evidence *, yet the effect is not always ſo; zeal to puniſh is

* Vide Gent. Mag.

ſome-

ſometimes encreaſed by the enormity of the offence, and it may happen that a leſs degree of evidence ſhall determine a jury againſt a culprit, whom they are zealous to puniſh, than againſt one whom they think it a matter of indifference whether they puniſh or not.

If the puniſhment was diſcretionary, and proportioned by the magiſtrate to the crime, it would then, after proof of the fact, be fit to diſplay its turpitude; that juſtice already directed where to ſtrike, might give adequate weight to the blow.

But where the puniſhment is fixed by unalterable preſcription, and the queſtion is only concerning the guilt, not how that guilt ought to be puniſhed, ſurely it is not agreeable to the lenity of the *Engliſh* conſtitution to ſuffer the minds of the judges to be inflamed by eloquent harangues, preluding the trial by exciting an ardor to condemn; though in the caſe before us there is not the leaſt room for any ſuch imputation, greater ſtreſs being laid on, or rather, more notice taken of the priſoner's immaterial diſcourſe, than it merited: did not the judge by his coolneſs and candor convince us of his regard to that excellent maxim, *Nunquam modum ſervabit in puniendo, qui iratus ad pœnam procedit?*

Without any reflexion therefore on the preſent caſe, let us launch out farther in this age of free enquiring, free and candid diſcuſſing into the immenſe ocean of law, practice, and precedents, that conſtant topic, and dernier reſort of the

the pedant, and here muſt be obvious to all, and pitiable by every tender and compaſſionate perſon, the ſituation of an arraigned criminal, who beſides the weight of the crime, or embarraſſment of the ſuſpicion, and dread of the event, is expoſed to the buffetting, ſneering, jeering, inſulting, and (on ſome occaſions) uncharitable inſinuations of popular pleaders, who, in their learned arguments and florid harangues, ſeem not to regard the diſtreſſed condition of the poor culprit; he mean time ſtands ſhivering and amazed with eyes ſwoln, hands uplifted, one moment ready to burſt with indignation, the next trembling to think, that theſe exaggerations, aggravations, inſinuations, this variety of trope and metaphor, however trivial in the balance of juſtice

ſeria ducunt
In mala, deriſum ſemel exceptumque ſiniſtre;

how little ſoever they may be ſupported by evidence, may influence the paſſions of the jury, excite ſuch horror and indignation in their minds, that they ſhall with the utmoſt difficulty be ſcarce able coolly and critically to diſtinguiſh between what is opened, and what is proved.

Heated thus they will not be cooled by a leſs moderate and candid recital of the caſe, than is exhibited by Mr. *Legg* in his applauded ſummary of the evidence in Miſs *Blandy*'s caſe.

This gentleman, or any other ornament of the preſent bench, can ſcarce be expected to take notice

of any thing beyond the bare aſſeverations of the witneſſes, this is a very great fatigue after a tedious hearing. Very minute criticiſms and diſcuſſions are a work of ſupererogation, more to be wiſhed for than required.

Is it not therefore worthy of ſome conſideration how far it might be proper in ſome caſes to extend that invaluable law of King *William*, which obviates the abovementioned hardſhip in caſes of treaſon, and took place at the trials of ſome of the perſons concerned in the aſſaſſination plot, 1696. This law opens the healing fountain of defenſive eloquence, allows the traitor counſel to retort the ſneer, check the preſumptuous inſinuation, ſtate the facts in the moſt candid light they can bear; expoſe the * ſophiſtry of thoſe that ſignalize themſelves in that dangerous poſt of proſecution, dangerous to humanity and charity, in which ſo many crown lawyers have proved themſelves guilty of blacker treaſon againſt human nature, than the problematical guilt of the accuſed traitor would often amount to, if proved, and have thereby buried their own characters in the ſame grave with the remains of the poor haraſſed criminal. Inſtances to thoſe who are converſant with State Trials would be ſuperfluous. Inſtances of mildneſs cannot well be expected often, to ſooth the aching heart of the compaſſionate ſpectator of trials (a ſcene not below the profoundeſt philoſopher to engage himſelf in) conſidering the

* Vide *Mallet*'s Life of *Bacon*.

tempting

tempting opportunity to diſplay abilities, trained up with ardent expectation for this very purpoſe; the unavoidable warmth of imagination, that kindles from the cloſe attention to a ſubject of importance, more eſpecially a flagitious crime; the imagination muſt be too phlegmatic for the bar, that does not take fire on ſuch occaſions; and what ſhall prevent its blazing out?

What leſs than the moſt compaſſionate diſpoſition?

The moſt philoſophic indifference to applauſe?

Or the ſtricteſt regard to the precept?

Whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, do ye even ſo unto them, for this is the law and prophets.

The law of God at leaſt.

With this biaſs on their minds let the eloquent youth check that torrent that otherwiſe

Haud ſecus atque ignis latitans ſub fomite diram
Molitur ſtragem vivitque aliturque tegendo
Inde ubi ſuccrevit, rutilantem elapſus ad auras
Victor agit flammam ſpargitque incendia circum
Exultans, furit immiſſis Vulcanus habenis.

When this *furor oratorius* exerts itſelf in a judge, it is more inexcuſable, he wants not the charms of ſpeech, the *licentia rhetorica* to engage the attention, which his authority ſufficiently commands, equally engaged on both ſides, but leaning rather to mercy, and therefore the preſumptive advocate of the criminal; he is ſufficiently upon his guard againſt the gay deluſi-

ons of ſophiſtry, againſt the lively oratory of a B.

In this ſituation, under ſuch obligations how odious was the behaviour of that perverter of juſtice, that foe to human nature, who could inſult in his misfortunes the laborious and well-meaning *Baxter*, nonſenſically reproach the brave *Algernoon Sidney* with his being born a traitor?

Novum et inauditum genus ſceleris.

How amiable a contraſt was exhibited in Sir *Orlando Bridgeman*, who treated with candor and humanity thoſe villains of gigantic enormity, who had ventured to arraign and execute their ſovereign; but whoſe courage and underſtanding (a few excepted) was dwindled to ſuch a puny ſtate, that their defence was ſcarce better than that of poor Miſs *Blandy!*

Who had indeed ſo little to ſay for herſelf, that there was but little occaſion for a profuſion of oratory, a ſeries of Ciceronian queſtions. Is not the crime of parricide ſufficiently deteſtable to human nature?

Is it not one of thoſe crimes that on the firſt rumor irreſiſtibly ſeize the imagination, and ſcarce indulge the judgment time to weigh the proofs with a proper ſuſpence?

Previous to the evidence it can ſerve no good purpoſe, and ſurely may be of worſe conſequence than publiſhing depoſitions ſo much inſiſted on, and cenſured by the judge (which may be of as much ſervice as diſſervice to the criminal in aſſiſting

ing him to prepare his defence.) When the evidence has been giv'n fairly on both ſides, the recapitulation of an impartial judge may doubtleſs ſerve all the purpoſes of vindictive juſtice.

In crimes of leſs glaring appearance, eloquence may properly lend her aſſiſtance to rouze the attention and indignation of mankind, who ſeemed to be aſleep as to the tremendous conſequences of perjury, legal and authorized oppreſſion, rigorous impriſonment, negligence, if not cruelty of jailors in impairing the health, nay frequently deſtroying the life of a poor wretch by the ſtench and filth of their priſons: where the moſt innocent perſon may be doomed, *ipſo facto*, to as ſevere puniſhment as could be inflicted on him if proved guilty: perhaps more ſevere in the eſtimation of ſome who might prefer the ſpeedy death by a halter, to the lingring horrors of a jail fever, embittered by want of neceſſaries, want of attendance, by naſtineſs and variety of wretchedneſs.

No *Lycurgus*, no *Draco* will aſſert that they have a right to inflict a malignant fever, as a puniſhment adequate to the ſuſpicion of default. This caſe however terrible muſt frequently happen in thoſe countries where jails are not ſubjected to a periodical examination, to a ſcrutiny the moſt accurate and ſevere: in thoſe countries where the life and reputation of the moſt innocent and honourable perſons is expoſed to the blackeſt conſpiracies by the amazing lenity of the laws againſt perjury, and where the notions of good

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and evil are ſo depraved that a news writer * ſhall venture to apologize for a criminal condemned to the pillory, by ſaying that he did not *much approve* of the conſpiracy for which he was puniſhed; whereas the leaſt ſpark of honeſty or humanity would have irreſiſtibly impelled him to a diſcovery. This digreſſion will not be deemed impertinent by thoſe who conſider the little attention paid to public nuiſances; how apt mankind are to cenſure in the groſs all projectors of reformation; how difficult it is to bring to notoriety the moſt ſalutary ſchemes and projects; the oppoſition made to *Sutton*'s machines for ſhifting air in ſhips, which however maugre all obſtacles reached the *Eaſt-Indies* in Admiral *Boſcawen*'s fleet, many years before Dr. *Hales*'s ventilators could find entrance into the jail of the moſt opulent, and perhaps the moſt charitable city in *Europe*, where the excellent contriver was ſo well known: no privilege aſſerted, no grievance removed can do more honour to a magiſtracy, than what has been reſerved for the glory of the preſent mayor, ſheriffs and aldermen.

To return to Miſs *Blandy*; did the conſtitution permit a counſel of the meaneſt attainment, might have found it no very arduous taſk, to have quenched the fiery darts, to have ſheathed the corroding particles that glittered ſo much in the eloquence employed for the crown; might

* Vide Gen. Even. Poſt. *Nixon.*

he

he not have replied to ſome part of theſe celebrated harangues in ſome ſuch words as the following?

May it pleaſe your Lordſhips, and you Gentlemen of the jury, the diſadvantages I labour under as counſel for the unhappy priſoner, are notorious; for a priſoner condemned by the ſuffrages of all mankind, convicted to the ſatisfaction even of thoſe that take the trouble to examine and enquire by depoſitions purchaſed for three half-pence; convicted, my Lords, of a crime, exceeding the limits of human depravity, according to the opinion of former ages. The *Perſians* we are told by *Herodotus* thought that no man had ever killed his father or mother, and that if at any time ſuch a crime comes into queſtion, the perſon accuſed ſhall upon ſuppoſitions or due enquiry be found to have been begotten in adultery, for they held it utterly improbable, that a true father ſhould be murdered by his own ſon; and further as they were forbid to mention the things they might not act, to expatiate and harangue on ſuch facts muſt have been highly illegal; in ſuch caſes we may juſtly exclaim, if not *ab urle*, yet *a foro exulent oratores.*

Eloquence has indeed been often exerted to the deſtruction of women, but ſuch deſtruction as promiſed the deſtroyer ſome temporary emolument in perpetrating;

How different is the caſe at preſent? have we not liſtened with a kind of diſguſting pleaſure (ſuch

(ſuch as ſprings from a well painted ſhipwreck) to a wanton exertion of abilities without temptation?

Why are theſe ſtrong colours blended with the oratorical diſſimulation, the no neceſſity of painting the heinouſneſs of the crime?

To what purpoſe is this exertion againſt a woman of middling fortune, of moderate abilities (as is manifeſt by her whole conduct) neither an *Athaliah* nor a *Jezebel*, but a woman unconnected by alliances with the mighty, unprotected by the influence of the great, unaided by the ſkilful oratory, by the *Murrays* or the *Henleys*, by her friends and by her kindred ſcarce approached without horror. How then muſt ſhe be conſidered by her jury? the woman againſt whom equity, religion, ſelf-preſervation ſeem to intereſt themſelves againſt moderation, and bar the way to pity.

This zeal, theſe talents call for a nobler ſcene of action. The legal knave, the authorized tyrant (if any ſuch ſhould ever be diſcovered in our happy conſtitution) would be a more worthy theme, would juſtly claim ſuch collected force, force indeed of eloquence, but not always of argument; for though this gentleman has liſted her ſuperſtition, nay even her compaſſion, her charity againſt the priſoner, anticipated our pleas in abatement reſted on her ignorance and credulity by charging her abſurd, deluded imaginations to deſign by improving her kind diſpenſation of kitchen phyſic into experience in the doctrine of antidotes:

Though in all this the eloquence has been ſomewhat unkind, yet the reaſoning has been merciful, very merciful, my Lords, merciful even to a fault. Our laws like the *Egyptian* kings of old allow this lively diſſection of criminals, this laying open the ſecret purpoſes of the heart, but pity ſtep'd in, and blunted the inſtrument of enquiry. By what arguments does the learned gentleman ſupport the ſuppoſition of Mr. *Blandy*'s averſeneſs to the match of his daughter with the captain? Did he exert one act in conſequence of ſuch diſapprobation? did he interrupt the intercourſe? did he forbid his clerk directing the correſpondence? did he diſcard the ſuitor from his table? On the contrary, he took him into his houſe, gave him every opportunity of beguiling, the tempter was permitted to preſent himſelf at *Eve*'s ear, daily, hourly, to ſport with her imagination, excite what phantaſms were moſt ſeaſonable and ſuitable to her prevailing diſpoſition to ſeize all the *mollia tempora fandi*.

Was ſuch conduct to be expected from a gentleman preſumed to have ſome knowledge of law, of the difficulty of evading and ſetting aſide marriage contracts? Was it becoming a man of any experience in life? was it the behaviour of a parent to an only daughter? to the chief, the ſole object of his wiſhes and his hopes? was he not bound in honour to the prior claimant, in juſtice to his

child, in consideration of the frailties of human nature, of the difficulties of disentangling personal attachment, to discountenance effectually all this proceeding? Such a conduct would have been amply rewarded in this life, where discretion seldom fails of a just recompence. *Wisdom is justified of her children, as in her right hand is length of days, and in her left riches and honour.*

Nor are we to reckon occasional disgusts, as any mark of disapprobation; as well may we dispute the existence of the sun as oft as his rays are intercepted by the momentary interposition of a cloud: that such clouds should sometimes beset the brow of Mr. *Blandy* is not strange, they were doubtless construed into the impressions made upon him by the representations or ridicule of his friends and companions; how frequently must he have been assaulted with the vulgar topics of Scotchman, soldier of fortune, gentleman of no fortune, broken halfpay officer? which added to more important causes of dislike, not balanced, nor varnished over with any notable endowments of sense, learning, behaviour, or genteel address, might with or without the daily incursions of troublesom affairs, unlucky accidents, and little domestic feuds and dissatisfactions raise occasional storms, upbraidings, perhaps of bed and board, as this unhappy gentleman had constantly before his eyes the agreeable personage of this lounging, loitering,

loitering, lingering, lazy, ſauntering, hopeleſs, unpromiſing ſuitor,

fruges conſumere nati
Sponſi Penelopes—nebulonis.

Theſe dark circumſtances might ſomewhat tarniſh the future glories of being grandfather to a lord *Cranſtoun*; nevertheleſs he parted with his amiable inmate in great kindneſs; not compliments only, my Lords, nor unmeaning ſalutations, ſolemnized the painful hour of departure, but more ſubſtantial ſymbols of affection. He furniſhed him with the true Briton's *Viaticum*, the Proteſtants *Vade mecum*, rum in a lordly bottle, a bottle of ſilver; happy for him poor man if this preſent had received no return, if this had been the laſt intercourſe, then might his grey hairs have gone down in full age to the grave.

But to proceed to the next remarkable circumſtance; that the muſic was a ſtory concerted between theſe miſerable lovers, a ſatanic prelude of theſe fiends to their infernal tragedy we have no proof, nor does it ſeem to anſwer any reaſonable end; before the fact is proved it is unfair as well as abſurd to talk of the final cauſes, whence it proceeded *dicat qui novit*. *Suſan Gunnel*, according to our inſtructions, heard it in the Captain's room with Miſs; we are not philoſophers ſufficient, nor have penetrated ſo far the ſecrets of

nature, as to be able to ſolve all phænomena, to account for every ſtrange effect upon the imagination of the weaker ſex eſpecially: the apoſtles themſelves could ſcarce prevent the leading away ſilly women by ſundry kinds of deceit; ſo that no ſtreſs can be laid upon this ſuperſtitious interpretation of omens, this old woman's gift of foretelling death and diſaſter: farther our inſtructions ſet forth that *Suſan Gunnel* (notwithſtanding a certain pert anſwer given to Miſs *Blandy* on her firſt mention of the muſic, you ſee and hear Madam with Mr. *Cranſtoun*'s eyes and ears) confeſſed her hearing the muſic, and aſked pardon for her former diſbelief; for this confeſſion we have time and place fixed, in Miſs's bedchamber, in the morning before Miſs was out of bed.

Beſides, my Lords, to what purpoſe was this preparatory concert? that people forſooth, ſay the counſel, might be leſs ſurprized at the old man's death: what then, is the death of a man upwards of ſixty, a man who had ſhrunk in his cloaths, and loſt his teeth, ſo ſurprizing an event, or his death by a violent colic, and ſubſequent mortification of the bowels ſo uncommon a caſe? nay if extraordinary and uncommon, we are more at a loſs: are not the prophecy and completion more amazing, better grounds for ſuſpicion than the naked fact?

Nil

Nil agit exemplum litem quod lite reſolvit.

Or is it to be accounted for from a judicial folly? *Quem* Jupiter *vult perdere dementat prius*; the interpoſition of Providence in ſuch caſes cannot be denied, nor can it always be diſtinguiſhed from the natural chain of cauſe and effect; as ſays the ſon of *Sirach*. Fear betrays the ſuccours of reaſon. But that ſuſpence, or the fluctuating horrors and hopes of plotting guilt ſhould put the conſpirators on prophecy, is ſtrange;

Sic notus Ulyſſes!

Let us rather impute this to ſuperſtition, infatuation, on the part of the priſoner, deluded by crafty attempts on her underſtanding by her wily tempter, who had the better chance of bending her to abſurd compliances, the more her fancy was diſturbed, her reaſon amuſed and confounded,

Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet.

We are told of the probability of her giving the poiſon not long after *November* 1750, of the dreadful effects many months felt by Mr. *Blandy*; this on Dr. *Addington*'s authority, of his frequent internal pains, his ſickneſs, his teeth dropping out whole, never-

theleſs ſhe perſeveres, calls for more poiſon to effect her purpoſe, and receives a freſh ſupply, which ſhe often gave in his tea.

My Lords, here a ſtring of equivocal effects are inſiſted on as inferring one determinate cauſe, pains, ſickneſs, (though in a man ſubject to gravel and heartburn) ſhrinking, loſs of teeth muſt probably proceed from poiſon, the connexion of the cauſe and effect needs no confutation beyond bare recital. *Gunnel*'s evidence comes up to nothing more than gravel and heartburn, nor theſe ſo violent as to require either phyſician or apothecary. What man of ſedentary profeſſion at his age could labour under fewer infirmities? as for ſhrinking and looking ill they frequently exiſt no where but in the fancy of the obſerver, and ſerve as a neceſſary part of daily prattle amongſt phyſicians and other old women in the chimney corner: if there was any thing real in this obſervation it rather tended to forebode his death by natural cauſes.

The exhibition of the powder in *June* is admitted, but the conſequences are denied. *Alice Emmet* drinks what Mr. *Blandy* left. *Blandy* ſuffered nothing, but ſhe is taken with purging and vomiting; Miſs, on information from *Ann Emmet* the daughter, comforts her with a promiſe of ſending proper relief, to which the counſel adds (but without warrant) that ſhe was ſorry for the miſ-

application

application of the powder, but *Emmet* the daughter denies her having mentioned what her mother had eat or drank to occaſion this illneſs, (ſo that ſhe could neither know the application nor miſapplication) ſhe only ſaid her mother was very ill and very dry, and deſired ſomething to drink; Miſs accordingly ſends whey and broth (and now I pray liſten to the counſel for the crown) than which no phyſician could have preſcribed better.

As the gentleman does not affirm this of his own knowledge, to be ſure the phyſician who gave him ſuch inſtruction might have added, that the cauſe of the diſorder could not be inferr'd from the preſcription, ſo proper in all internal pains, purging and vomiting, ſo commonly diſpenſed by every miſtreſs of a family in this caſe peculiarly warranted by the experience of the priſoner obtained by frequent applications to this woman's diſorder. Not experience of poiſon as the counſel urges; that no phyſician could have preſcribed better it is not expected of me to deny, or agree; perhaps without ſuch preſcription their other applications would be ineffectual, and by the uſe of them are frequently rendered unneceſſary: theſe were probably the principal part of the preſcription after the coming in of Dr. *Addington*, and who knows if they had been the only means uſed previous to his coming, what might have been the event? whereas we are not informed

formed of any more than his taking a purge or two, which according to the counſel's aphoriſm was not ſo proper; this muſt not be imputed to the apothecary, who perceived doubtleſs very ſlight ſymptoms, and ſuſpected no poiſon, as he waited till the next day, and then gave what he would not have thought of in very violent pains, though his maſters take care to make every thing ſo uncertain, that it is dangerous to argue from what they do or not do, to what ought to be done. They may ſincerely join in our excellent daily confeſſion, *We have done thoſe things which we ought not to have done, and we have left undone thoſe things which we ought to have done, and there is no health in us.*

But to proceed from this digreſſion to her prohibition of ſmall beer, from which, though the caſe was pains, vomiting and purging (diſorders common to this woman, diſorders incompatible with beer in the eſtimation of every old nurſe, male or female, graduate or non graduate, Oxonian or licentiate) from which I ſay the ingenious gentleman infers a concluſion we may ſafely compliment him with. Moſt plainly then ſhe knew what it was the woman had taken in her father's tea, ſhe knew the effect.

Mr. Serjeant handles this in the Socratic form of diſputation, when complaint is made of their ſickneſs (the chairwoman and ſervant) how does the priſoner behave? Does

Does ſhe not adminiſter to them with as much art and ſkill as a phyſician could? Does ſhe not preſcribe proper liquids and draughts to abſorb and take off the edge of the corroding poiſon?

If ſhe knew not what it was, how could ſhe adminiſter ſo ſucceſsfully to prevent the fatal conſequences of it both in the maid and chairwoman? This is already obviated, but I would not have the Serjeant continue in an erroneous opinion, that ſucceſs infers knowledge, becauſe there are ſo many phænomena in profeſſions, phyſic eſpecially, that ſtrenuouſly ſpurn at this ſolution: In treating of caſes particularly we muſt not ſuppoſe every practitioner underſtands the diſtemper he ſometimes treats ſucceſsfully, and that conſequently every town abounds with natural, experimental, mechanical philoſophers.

Mr. Serjeant proceeds to a point of great importance, and from ſeveral queries relating to the diſtemper of the father, ſuch as, Is there any care taken of him? Any phyſician ſent for to attend him? any healing draughts prepared to quiet the racks and tortures that he inwardly felt?

From theſe queries Mr. Serjeant concludes thus; None at all that I can find. He is left to take care of himſelf, and undergo thoſe miſeries that his own child had brought upon him, and yet had not the heart to give him any aſſiſtance.

The evidence on which this reſts does not aſſert who ſent for him to the houſe; but when he the ſaid apothecary came, he found the priſoner with her father, and from her expreſſing no ſurprize at the formidable approach of the Hippocratic miniſter with his Galenic importance, we muſt ſuppoſe he came by her order or with her approbation.

He farther allows, that ſhe deſired him to be careful of her father in his illneſs; that ſhe did not ſhew any diſlike to his having phyſic; that ſhe deſired when he ſaw any danger, he would let her know it, that ſhe might have the advice of a phyſician; but this deſire as to the phyſician Mr. *Norton* fixes to Saturday the 10th: and that farther on the ſaid Saturday, on Mr. *Norton*'s opinion, that the patient was worſe, ſhe begged Dr. *Addington* might be ſent for, but Mr. *Blandy* was for deferring it till next day; nevertheleſs the priſoner (not ſatisfied nor willing to acquieſce in her father's delay, and conſequently non apprehenſion of danger, nor ſuſpected of any incapacity to conſult his own welfare, nor diſlike to the moſt noted phyſician of the neighbourhood) all this notwithſtanding the priſoner repeats the queſtion of danger, out of the hearing of her father, is anſwered in the affirmative; whereupon ſhe declares her intention of ſending for a doctor directly, her father's heſitation notwithſtanding.

It

It farther appears ſhe was backwards and forwards with him in the room, and behaved, as far as Mr. *Norton* ſaw, with true affection and regard in other illneſſes of her father. Her behaviour to her father is repreſented in this light by perſons who had the beſt opportunities of knowing, and *Staverton* particularly mentions the mutual happineſs they ſeemed to enjoy in each other: upon this however let every one lay what ſtreſs he pleaſes, provided he acknowledges, that in this view ſhe appears a cloſe, diſſembling conſpirator, but in the teſtimony of the witneſſes againſt her, ſhe was the moſt unreſerved betrayer of her own thoughts, and took care to give warning, and to beſpeak antidotes againſt her poiſon while ſhe was preparing to exhibit it.

It is now proper with ſome preciſion to diſcuſs a few circumſtances of this entangled complicated caſe, the diſorder of Mr. *Blandy*.

Suſan Gunnel ſwears, that on Monday her maſter drank ſome part of the half pint mug of gruel, how much, in what proportion to the remainder is not known, nor enquired: but according to the learned counſel, he ſcarce had ſwallowed it when he was taken violently ill, and continued ſo all the next day, with a griping, purging, and vo-

miting. This reſts upon the evidence of Dr. *Addington*, who relates it from the deceaſed's mouth; but it would have been more ſatisfactory, if there was any ſhadow of proof, any the leaſt ground of ſuſpicion, that the family were privy to any of theſe circumſtances, however alarming to the patient himſelf, however formidable they may appear in the accurate and particular enumeration given us by the doctor, *viz.* grittings in the mouth, painful burning and pricking, in the tongue, throat and ſtomach and bowels, relieved by fits of vomiting and purging; all theſe overt acts of the poiſon are not confirmed by any particularities in the domeſtic memoirs as ſworn to.

We hear of no complaint that night, no reſort to the cloſet, the magazine of family conſolation, no call for a cordial, no double diſtilled anniſeed water, celeſtial, wonderful, or plague water. What was there no hope in any of theſe traditionary preſervatives by which pious ladies have perpetuated the memory of their benevolent ſkill? Suppoſe him however uneaſy, yet unwilling to diſturb the family, did he in the morning, previous to his riſing, or at his riſing, make any complaint, or call for any aſſiſtance?

Did he get up, and go down ſtairs in the night? Did the chambermaid know nothing of theſe circumſtances?

The

The only notable remark *Gunnel* makes after his taking the Monday doſe, is that the Tueſday morning when he came down ſtairs, he did not come through the kitchen as uſual, but went the back way into his ſtudy; whether this is to paſs for ſymptom of his diſorder, whether the back way be portentous, or have any analogy with entering the Tower by Traitor's bridge, I know not; but ſo minute an incident ſhews a genius for obſervation, and a retentive memory, and ſo is a good negative argument, that nothing elſe very remarkable had dignified this important night.

Conſidering the time when, and the condition in which the patient was when he converſed with the doctor, might he not confound the conſequences of the firſt exhibition with thoſe of the ſecond? Does not the doctor often find as much perplexity in the narrative of his patients? Ought any man to be credited as to an illneſs, of which he made no complaint in the houſe, where he was maſter? But ſuppoſe all had happened as related, will any one ſay his daughter was privy to it?

If innocent, we cannot ſuppoſe her forward in charging any ſlight not unuſual ſymptoms to the powder; ſhe had ſeen it given without ill effect, ſhe could not entertain the leaſt ſuſpicion of murderous intention in her lover, that being incompatible with eſteem.

It may require great calmneſs to judge impartially what might or might not occur naturally to the mind of Miſs *Blandy* at this time; nor can any one *à priori* determine what ſhall be the preciſe effect of ſuch or ſuch an appearance on their mind; or if it could be determined, can it be juſtly inferred that the ſame would follow in another mind: nor is it eaſy in every caſe to ſuppoſe one ſelf in the ſituation of another perſon: it requires ſome labour for an actor to work himſelf into the perſonated character, and ſuſpend for a while by a temporary oblivion the operation of his own. Theſe conſiderations may appear very abſurd, but perhaps they are proper to check the pert concluſions of thoſe dogmatical deciders upon human actions, who are never at a loſs for the natural, the proper, the decent. As we ſhould judge more charitably of human nature, if we knew it more perfectly, ſo we ſhould alſo approach nearer to perfection in our knowledge, if we were leſs defective in our charity.

But to proceed to her behaviour on Tueſday; and here our inſtructions ſet forth; that he complained this morning of a pain in his ſtomach, and the heartburn, as he had done the day before, and as he ever did before the gravel.

Theſe circumſtances muſt be kept in view, the main diſpute being concerning the degree of theſe complaints, and her ſuſpicions of the cauſe.

That

That they exceeded the former, or at leaſt that they by continuance inferred obſtinacy or danger appears from the apothecary's being called in.

Now let us attend to the behaviour of the apothecary in order to diſcover the ſtate of the caſe.

His account is, that Mr. *Blandy* told him he was ill, as he imagined of a fit of the cholic; that he complained of a violent pain in his ſtomach, attended with great reachings, and ſwelled, a great purging, that he carried him phyſic, which he took on Wedneſday morning.

Our inſtructions ſay, that the apothecary was ſent for at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, who ſaid that a little phyſick would be right for Mr. *Blandy* to take on Wedneſday.

Quid verbis opus eſt, ſpectetur agendo.

If this paſſed ſo early as 11 o'clock on Wedneſday, ſuffer us to infer, that the apothecary did not ſee any urgency in the ſymptoms, as he gave nothing, ordered nothing at preſent, no domeſtic, nor ſhop preparations, no anodynes, no cordials, no lenitives, but with great coolneſs propoſed phyſic for the morrow, by which time in violent fits of the cholic (above thirty hours from the preceding night) death, I believe, ſometimes foreclоſes upon the apothecary, and deprives him

him of his equity of redemption, if he makes no more haſte than Mr. *Norton*.

Surely his motto is *feſtina lente*.

Such a degree of procraſtination is not uſual in the trade, who have been remarked to have been ſometimes eager in ſending their preparations, in making their motions, their replies, and rejoinders; therefore let us ſuppoſe he was not ſo very bad, as well as that the apothecary was very diſintereſted.

Be this as it will, the apothecary ſays he was better on Wedneſday, and that on Thurſday he was in his ſtudy with a client, and acknowledged much benefit from the phyſic, ſo gently was he poiſoned, or ſo well was the phyſic adapted by hazard to the caſe unknown. What degree of violence the ſymptoms did really ariſe to on Tueſday, and how far Miſs *Blandy* muſt know they proceeded from the love powder, is not for me to determine; on the leaſt ſuſpicion it is doubtleſs unaccountable, ſhe ſhould not order freſh gruel, and how far ſhe might be deterred from giving freſh orders, leſt ſome ſuſpicion might ariſe (conſcious as ſhe was of having done an unwarrantable and moſt ridiculous action, and which ſhe would not have owned but in the utmoſt neceſſity) I will not ſay, doubtleſs ſhe might eaſily have obviated any ſuſpicion by propoſing ſome other kitchen phyſic of like virtue. After this gruel repeated on Tueſday, Mr. *Blandy* was ſick and reached to vomit,

mit, a ſymptom I believe uſual in the gravel; he was then better, and Miſs went to bed: he had not mentioned any of thoſe tremendous ſymptoms even to *Gunnel* who ſaw him vomit; he had complained of an odd taſte in the gruel to his daughter; ſhe could not diſcover ſuch peculiar taſte, and this muſt help to keep her in the dark, and confirm her in the notion of *Cranſtoun*'s folly and ſuperſtition, that could order her to give powder of poſt, for we are not to ſuppoſe her ſuch an adept in chemiſtry as to know that there may be drugs or preparations capable to exert the moſt violent effects on the human body, and yet almoſt void of taſte or ſmell.

This ſeems to be a capital point.

Wedneſday was a great and important day. *Gunnel* at ſix o'clock carried him his phyſic; he ſaid he had had a pretty good night, and was much better.

Miſs found him charming well in his bedchamber at 8 o'clock.

The apothecary ſays he was then better. *Gunnel* charges Miſs with diſſuading her from making freſh gruel, under pretence of her being buſy ironing, and this improves itſelf eaſily into a contrivance to repeat the doſe; whereas it could never be worth her concern, as ſhe could not want opportunities of impregnating a freſh meſs: nor can it be imagined ſhe would have truſted the evidence of her guilt in the common pantry.

Our inſtructions diſown any conſciouſneſs of this order, they alſo diſown the priſoner's knowledge that the Tueſday's gruel was the ſame as the Monday's, as the Monday's had been on Saturday or Sunday: Nor does it appear agreeable to the management in a gentleman's houſe to keep ſtale gruel ſo long; it might poſſibly begin in hot weather to taſte oddly to ſome palates.

Friday he took more phyſic, and came down as on Thurſday according to our inſtructions; the apothecary witneſſes his being down on buſineſs on Thurſday.

It is plain no alarming ſymptoms came on before Saturday, nor any pretence appeared for calling in more aſſiſtance; whether he had been ill in a great or ſmall degree, the applications had anſwered ſo well, that more ſucceſs could not be conceived. Dr. *James's* powder pretends to no more than carrying a ſick lawyer out of bed to his ſtudy and his papers in a night's time if I remember right.

Dr. *Addington* indeed found him in a dreadful condition, which he has delineated moſt accurately and minutely; but he does not give quite ſo much ſatisfaction in his diſcovery of the paſſions of the mind, as of the affections of the body.

In his own profeſſion he demands no implicit faith, but in a ſtudy more abſtruſe he deals too much in generals; he ſpoke with reluctance, 'tis true to his honour; but when

he ſpoke, he attributes her whole concern to one univocal cauſe, without dwelling on thoſe characteriſtics by which we might be enabled to accompany him in ſo delicate a ſearch.

To trace a paſſion to its ſource;

To give every motive its due ſhare;

To diſentangle every perplexing contradictory appearance;

To adjuſt the various tinctures paſſions may imbibe in different complexions, and the different degrees of expreſſions; eſpecially allowing for extraordinary emotions of ſurprize and confuſion is no eaſy taſk, at leaſt it requires the greateſt calmneſs as well as ſkill in the enquirer; at ſuch time we muſt ſuſpect even a laudable zeal, nor will a virtuous indignation ſecure us from being miſled.

The agitations of body and mind ſeemed to ariſe from ſelfiſh motives; the degree of this appearance may not be capable of limitations ſatisfactory to all. If they did really ariſe from ſelfiſh motives it was not unnatural, the conſequences of actions do neceſſarily intrude and demand as much or more attention than the nature of actions, or the moſt tender affections of pity and compaſſion; only let us conſider how ſhocking muſt the apprehenſion be of being tried for the murder of a father, where the fact could not be denied, nay was already confeſſed. However as her condition grew worſe, as the critical minute does now approach, no ſuch intemperance of concern, no ſuch impotence of grief has or does at preſent appear.

I need not ſay any thing to that mean and profane expreſſion, who would ſcruple to ſend an old father to the devil for ten thouſand pound, it was only ſaid in general on a converſation concerning childrens being kept out of their fortunes. It is ſtrange a conſpirator ſhould talk treaſon to any but accomplices, while the plot is in agitation ſuch expreſſions are very unlikely, but are too horrid to have been ſaid in earneſt at any time. They were idle words of the worſt ſpecies, as coarſe as that expreſſion of *Binfield*'s zeal, that ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee the black bitch go up the ladder to be hanged.

As ſhe believed her guilt, no doubt ſhe deſired her puniſhment; nevertheleſs the affair was ſo ſhocking, that it became a perſon converſant with the whole, to have ſpoke with ſome degree of tenderneſs and heſitation; but her whole thoughts were occupied with the pleaſing idea of puniſhment, of ſeeing her black bitch of a miſtreſs go up the ladder: ſhe it ſeems had damned her before for a black bitch, and this confirms the ſtory of her being at variance with the priſoner, and on the point of loſing her place.

Nor will the difference as to the time of her ſaying this, however prejudicial to the credit of the evidences in the eye of the law, diſcredit them with thoſe who conſider how frequently the exact date of a ſtory is confounded

founded by arbitrary and unaccountable connexions with circumſtances in the mind of the relator.

Much ſtreſs is laid on Miſs *Blandy*'s letter, a letter no perſon here would have dictated in her circumſtances, nor have adviſed her to entruſt with the clerk at that time; the folly in this caſe will account for any abſurdity in the other; for a ridiculous caution about ſome trifles of the captain's affairs, there are ſurely evident marks of haſte and confuſion, and the writing was ſo different that the clerk would not ſwear to it.

It is to be lamented Dr. *Addington* did not minute down the anſwers he received from the priſoner, to whoſe confuſed ſtate of mind we may attribute her falſe caſuiſtry with regard to *Cranſtoun*'s proſecution; had ſhe been guilty ſhe could not have taken a better method of ſecuring herſelf (for whom according to the doctor ſhe ſhewed ſo much concern) than by engaging to impeach *Cranſtoun*, at the ſame time reſerving to herſelf ſufficient opportunities of evading her engagements, or of ſtarving the cauſe, to ſave her honour, or preſerve her gallant.

But ſuppoſing her innocent, and not prepared for this event, (beſides her miſtake as to the duty of ſcreening a huſband) it might require ſome calmer moments, ſome judicious ſuggeſtions to diſentangle herſelf from the object of her affections, to change at once a ſet of amiable and reſpectful ideas connected with the

the name of *Cranſtoun*, for thoſe dreadful ones of villain, culprit, priſon, chains, ſentence, the gallows. She could not reſolve upon this all at once; ſhe might hope againſt hope, that either Mr. *Blandy* might live, or this matter might be cleared up ſome how to the advantage of the man ſhe had loved, ſhe had eſteemed, ſhe had eſteemed and loved ſo many years in ſpite of ſo many objections.

Surely of theſe ſuppoſitions no one is more abſurd than that of her being guilty, and confeſſing the fact to Dr. *Addington*, was this a judicial blindneſs? was it an effect of confuſion? If this principle be allowed, we have as good a right to lead it into our ſervice, as the other ſide have to preſs it into theirs: ſhe was more likely to be upon her guard after the detection of a premeditated crime; more likely to be diſconcerted at an event as unforeſeen, as dreadful to herſelf, her father, and her gallant. Does any body ſwear they ſaw her put the powder into the gruel? does any body ſwear ſhe knew the powder to be poiſon when ſhe put it in? Is not the evidence of the vender often made uſe of on theſe occaſions, the law ſuppoſing the knowledge of its effects in the purchaſer, and ſupplying the motive, as the pretence of love powder has not been very frequent.

Would to God our laws had reſtrained the ſale of poiſons by ſevere reſtrictions; ſome drugs

drugs might be put under proper limitations, whether the faculty do or do not oblige us with an unexceptionable definition of poiſons.

Conſider her folly in confeſſing before her father by aſking forgiveneſs, in confeſſing at the ſame time when charged by *Gunnel*, who to Mr. *Blandy* did not pretend ſhe ſaw Miſs put the powder in. The circumſtances were ſo ſtrong, that ſhe could not doubt it: but had Miſs *Blandy* denied it, ſhe would have had better chance of puzzling the cauſe, though the circumſtance of finding the ſame powder in the fire as in the gruel would probably have ſatisfied any jury.

It would be now time to conſider Mr. Serjeant's diſcourſe, did I not chuſe to enforce what has been obſerved above concerning eloquence by the authority of perhaps the moſt famous legiſlator * of theſe days, who next to the perſpicuity of laws recommends the ſimplicity of pleadings. The counſel he thinks may be ordered to confine themſelves to a plain narration of the fact, ſupported by ſome proofs, and terminating in an epilogue, or a ſhort recapitulation. Nothing bears ſuch a ſway with it, as the art of managing the paſſions in the mouth of an eloquent orator. He ſeizes as it were on the mind of the judge (that is the jury in *England)* he ſecures him in his intereſt, he excites his paſſions, and he im-

* Supplement to Memoirs of *Brandenbourg*.

pels

pels him in fine like a torrent. *Lycurgus* and *Solon* prohibited this kind of oratory, and if we meet with ſome inſtances of it in *Demoſthenes*, *Philippics*, and in the orations *pro corona* by him and *Æſchines*, we are to obſerve, that they were not pronounced before the court of *Areopagus*, but before the people; that the *Philippics* are of the deliberative kind, and that thoſe *pro corona* are rather of the demonſtrative than of the judicial kind.

The * *Romans* were not ſo ſcrupulous as the *Greeks* in regard to their judicial pleadings. There is not one of *Cicero*'s pleas, but is worked up with all the art of moving the paſſions. I am ſorry to ſay it of this great orator, but we find in his oration *pro Cluentio*, that he had pleaded before for the oppoſite party, and though *Cluentius*'s cauſe does not ſeem abſolutely good, yet it was carried by the impoſing art of the orator. *Cicero*'s maſterpiece is the peroration *pro Fonteio*, it gained his client the cauſe, though he appears guilty. *Pruſſia* has followed the example of *Greece*, by baniſhing the dangerous ſubtleties of eloquence from her courts of judicature, and for this ſhe is indebted to the wiſdom of the high chancellor, whoſe probity, learning, and indefatigable activity, would have been an honour to the *Greek* and *Roman* republics, even at the time when they were moſt fruitful in great men.

* Vide *Theodorus* or *Art of Preaching*.

Mr.

Mr. Serjeant claims a grateful tribute of thanks for his kind admonition to the young gentlemen againſt the firſt approaches of vice, againſt diſobedience, productive of ſuch fatal conſequences.

To Mr. Serjeant's firſt query, we ſhall reply by ſeveral queries, perhaps equally pertinent.

1. Does it appear from her apparatus, her dreſs, her open bold proceeding out at the door, into the highway, in broad day-light, her readineſs to return (when ſhe might as eaſily have gone off to *London*, in a poſt chaiſe, no care being taken to prevent it *) that ſhe deſigned any thing more than a temporary excurſion for the air, or to avoid the diſmal ſcene, then tranſacting at her father's?

2. Was it neceſſary for her to prepare the funeral rites?

3. Is this an indiſpenſable duty to ſo near a relation, one ſo nearly concerned in the unhappy tragedy?

4. Was it neceſſary for her to attend the opening, diſſecting, diſcuſſing the dead carcaſs, macerating the parts, injecting the veſſels, and em-

* *Fielding* on Murder.

balming the corps, if the learned gentlemen thought proper to reaſſume the moſt ancient branch of their profeſſion, that which obtained them the honour of being recorded by *Moſes* ſo many ages before *Hippocrates?*

5. Suppoſe ſhe did deſign an eſcape, would an innocent perſon, in their ſenſes, innocent as to intention (difficult to prove, guilty as to fact undeniably) chuſe to riſk her life on the uncertainty of a trial?

To the ſecond query.

Was not an eſcape the moſt rational way of proceeding, to avoid confinement for ſix months before the trial, the dejecting horrors of a priſon, the inconvenience of reſtraint in preparing for her defence, to anticipate and defeat the machination of real or ſuſpected enemies, diſſipate the prejudices of mankind, to deliberate with friends and ſkilful counſel, whether it was proper to ſtand trial in a caſe ſo ſtrangely complicated and embarraſſed, at leaſt unleſs the contriver of the plot could be confronted?

Is any thing more common than this method of abſconding till trial? was not eight thouſand pound given for bail in ſuch a caſe a few days ago? it would be ſuperfluous and ridiculous to produce inſtances, *teſtes non neceſſarios, in re non dubia.* So that we preſume we have

have fulfilled Mr. Serjeant's kind wiſh in aſſigning ſatisfactory cauſe for ſuch amazing behaviour, if not let it be imputed to the haſte we are in to proceed to the learned gentleman's attracting amiable portrait of innocence, which like the fabled *Siren* charms our imagination to the hazard of our reaſon, like a vortex hurries us into the abyſs of amazement, notwithſtanding we ſet out ſo cooly with the ſcale and the equilibrium.

For we are exhorted to put innocence *and guilt in the* ſcale *together, and obſerve to which ſide the priſoner's actions are moſt applicable.*

Now if we put light and darkneſs in the ſame ſcale together, or perhaps in two different ſcales, the jury will not be at a loſs which preponderates in Mr. Serjeant's alluſion. *Innocence, celeſtial virgin, always has her guard about her.*

Poſſibly, but this guard is frequently too weak to reſiſt the attacks of perjury, avarice, conſpiracy, furious and blind reſentment, as in the caſe of *Coleman*, &c.

So *that ſhe dares look the frowns, the reſentments, and the perſecutions of the world in the face.* True, and frequently ſuffers for her aſſurance.

Is able *to ſtand the teſt of the ſtricteſt inquiry, and the more we behold her, ſtill the more* ſhall we be in *love with her charms.*

Provided the inquiſition be properly qualified, otherwiſe innocence will ſuffer as ſhe does in many inquiries and inquiſitions. As for her lovelineſs, I wiſh to ſee mankind ſo ſuſceptible of her charms, but look on this as a prophecy of the Millennium, of the Saints reſt and reign; for who in this generation,

virtutem amplectitur ipſam
Præmia ſi tollas?

But upon this iſſue we may freely truſt our cauſe. Look upon the priſoner, and ſay ſhe is diſmay'd.

You that have liſtened to the orators, ſay whether ſhe dares not look perſecution as well as proſecution in the face?

To proceed to Mr. Serjeant's account of guilt, the baneful *fiend, that makes uſe of unjuſtifiable* means to conceal her *wicked deſigns, and prevent diſcovery.*

Artifice and *cunning are* her ſupporters, bribery and corruption the defenders *of her* cauſe; ſhe flies before the face of law and juſtice, *and ſhuns* the probation of a candid and impartial *inquiry.*

Here I muſt aſk a few queſtions.

Was it artifice and cunning that mixed the powder with the whole quantity of gruel, rather

rather than with each meſs, as it was diſpenſed, for which cunning might have ſupplied opportunities enough?

Was it cunning that left the medicated gruel in a pan, in a pantry, in a place expoſed to the viſit and ſearches of the cook, not ſeemingly very partial in Miſs's favor, or inclined to omit any method of detecting her guilt?

Was it artifice or cunning, that after the ſuſpicion put a letter into the clerk's hand to be directed by him for the accomplice, which, if under the ſenſe of guilt, ſhe muſt know would be opened?

Was it artifice that prevented her from making more frequent or vigorous efforts to eſcape, for which few perſons in ſuch circumſtances have had better opportunities? that ſhe deſired it, that ſhe was in earneſt when ſhe made the offer to *Binfield*, I diſpute not; but ſurely a perſon of any cunning would in caſe of *ſuſpicion* have laid ſome ſcheme to anticipate *detection*, and ſecure eſcape, which indeed was very eligible, rather than ſtand trial in her ſituation, conſcious or not conſcious of guilt, but conſcious of folly unparallelled.

And now, my Lords, if by any thing here offered her guilt ſhall begin to fade, her folly ſhine forth in ſtronger colours, we are reduced to the neceſſity of pleading for juſtice, againſt compaſſion: compaſſion may wiſh her

her a ſpeedy end to her ſorrows; but juſtice will require that ſhe lives to inculcate the danger of intimacy with men of corrupt morals; the danger of implicit obedience; the danger of liſtening to the influence of paſſion, contrary to the ſuggeſtions of reaſon.

Living or dying ſhe muſt be recorded as a memorable inſtance of the weakneſs entailed as it were upon that ſex, which having been party to the grand deceit, has continued to furniſh ſubject for deception ever ſince.

PART the SECOND.

THE conſtant and ſteady denial of guilt, perſiſted in through all the horrors of a priſon, all the affecting ſolemnities of a tedious trial, all the preliminaries and anticipating preparations of death fixed to a determinate point of time; a denial, proof to all the arguments of reaſon and religion, all the exhortation of ſpiritual directors; and we may ſuppoſe, the tears and entreaties of relations and friends; a denial confirmed and ratified at the reception of the Holy Communion, and atteſted by the reverend gentleman who comforted her in her laſt conflict; perſiſted in at the place of execution, on the very brink of eternity, amidſt the dreadful pomp of circumſtances the moſt affecting, ſurely ſufficient to impreſs terror on the moſt reſolute, to diſſipate every hope and preſumption, every deluſion of the moſt confident and moſt miſtaken, ſuch a denial is moſt aſtoniſhing.

To what principle ſhall we have recourſe for an explanation of this phænomenon?

The

The hope of a pardon? pride? a tender regard for reputation? Stupidity is out of the queſtion, infidelity in expreſs terms denied, and hitherto unſupported by any light or ſceptic diſcourſe, and Mr. *Bayle*, I think, has endeavoured to ſhew, that ſcarce any criminals have ever died Atheiſts or Deiſts.

Nor is it ſufficient to ſay that the inſtances are frequent of ſuch perſiſting in innocence after the moſt ſatisfactory evidence of guilt. The phænomenon is the leſs extraordinary, but not leſs a prodigy: Wonders in the natural world indeed we allow in every hour's experience, cauſes and effects beyond our penetration, and utterly incompatible with our narrow and imperfect capacities; but in the moral œconomy of the world, in the actions of our fellow creatures, in the knowledge of the human heart, we are apt to give our reaſon greater ſcope, and pretend to account for every occurrence. But in caſes of this nature, what can reaſon ſay, what can our own feelings? Lives there the man who thinks himſelf capable of ſuch perſeverance? the heart indeed is ſo deceitful, and deſperately wicked, that who can know it? who can preſage what he may one day be capable of committing? who would not ſay with *Hazael*, *is thy ſervant a dog that he ſhould do this?*

It is an enquiry perhaps not unworthy the pains of a laborious compiler to collect an account of ſuch unfortunate perſons who have

perſiſted in their innocence, and to ſtate the circumſtances and particularities of the denial compared with the proofs and preſumption of guilt.

From this account, however numerous, we muſt ſubſtract all thoſe who doubtleſs were innocent, and make large allowances for the number of thoſe whoſe innocence is incapable of proof, and known only to Omniſcience. From what has lately appeared in counties near *London*, we muſt allow for the many *Colemans* in all ages and countries, whoſe innocence there was ſo many chances againſt the diſcovery of. Of theſe unhappy victims of villainy, the number muſt multiply every year in thoſe communities, where prevarication, oaths of form and perjury are of the very eſſence of the civil government, where robbery and murder by falſe oaths is the eaſieſt and ſafeſt branch of knavery, as well as the moſt lucrative, the reward great, the diſcovery difficult, and the conviction attended with intricacy and embarraſſment; the puniſhment trifling, the expoſure of a hardened knave to the populace, who never bluſhed; perhaps to a few blows contrary to law, and which he may avoid by hiring the officers to do their duty. An impriſonment which he may alleviate by the fruits of his villainy, and an exile where he may have the pleaſure of committing all manner of villainies, or which he may evade and commute

for at an eaſy rate; for to the villain as well as to the hero *omne ſolum patria*, the knave as all other artificers *quæque tellus nutrit*.

After theſe deductions we muſt ſet aſide, in order to form an exact parallel, thoſe who are educated in vice, who have lived many years in the commiſſion of all crimes, enliſted in gangs, furniſhed with a ſet of principles, frequently canvaſſed and diſcuſſed over a bowl of punch; thoſe who have rendered themſelves incapable of collecting the force of arguments, having never made uſe of their reaſon, impenetrable by fear, having ever defied God and man, all ordinances civil and religious, encountered and eſcaped continual hazards; thoſe whoſe condition appears to themſelves ſo deſperate, that a lie more or leſs can ſeem of no conſequence: They ſuffered the penalty of the law, why ſhould they ſatisfy perſons who have no right to demand ſatisfaction, cannot or will not give any equivalent?

Such circumſtances differ much from thoſe of a woman, a gentlewoman educated in the Chriſtian religion, guarded by the reſerve of female education, not tempted by diſtreſs or poverty; not liable to be inured by ſmaller tranſgreſſions, one who profeſſed herſelf a ſincere penitent with tears, and apparent emotions of grief; ſaid ſhe was covered with contrition for every ſin ſhe had committed,

and

and particularly that which occaſioned her dear father's death; who always profeſſed a full perſuaſion of the truth and excellency of the Chriſtian religion in general: One who could diſcourſe pertinently and clearly upon all the common and ſome other theological topics, who may thence rationally be ſuppoſed to have been in ſome degree converſant with the ſcriptures, and to have read with attention ſeveral of the moſt celebrated divines; one who avowed all this, was deſirous it might be inſiſted on, who in ſome of her laſt moments expreſſed great uneaſineſs at the imputation of infidelity.

One who did not perſiſt in any enthuſiaſtic or romantic boaſts, but ſo naturally diſcovered ſome anxiety and apprehenſions at the nearer approach of futurity; ſome apprehenſions of the blackneſs and enormity of thoſe ſins that appeared, and uſually do appear as trifles at another ſeaſon: and nevertheleſs admitted the common topic of conſolation, and acquieſced and reſumed her former calmneſs; ſome natural tears ſhe dropped.

One who joined fervently in the prayers, not in the unreaſonable and injudicious Tyburn hymns, one who could on the falſhood of her aſſertions renounce the help of God in theſe her laſt moments, renounce eternal ſalvation, the hopes of acquittal by Almighty God, in whoſe awful preſence ſhe was inſtantly to appear, if the whole of what was there aſſerted was not

true, profeſſed her forgiveneſs of all parties concerned, warned the ſpectators againſt, and thereby humbled herſelf by confeſſion of the ſallies of irregular paſſion.

Finally to conclude this dreadful ſcene, beg'd their prayers for acceptance at the throne of grace.

Tell us philoſopher, divine or confeſſor of the greateſt experience, what motives ever did or can ſupport this?

Is pride, or is a regard to reputation adequate to this? As this is a ſubject of ſome importance, and the opportunity very favourable for inculcating ſerious reflexions, I cannot make a better uſe of it than by tranſcribing the ſentiments of the greateſt divine and moral philoſopher, that honoured even the dignity of chancellor in this kingdom: I mean without any diſparagement, neither *Bacon* nor *King*, neither natural and experimental philoſopher, nor critic or hiſtorian: a philoſopher, whoſe ſubject was man, and his actions a philoſopher of the Socratic ſect, whoſe divine and moral writings have not obtained the notoriety they deſerve, one of whom, as of *Socrates*, his country was not worthy:

Lord *Clarendon*, who in his diſcourſe on repentance delivers himſelf thus;

Ac-

Acknowledgment is not a circumſtance, but a neceſſary foundation of repentance; he that doth not believe he hath done amiſs, cannot entertain a true ſorrow, and hath leſs reaſon to repent, and if he doth believe it, he muſt acknowledge it, before he can truly repent. This Chriſtian duty, this eſſential and inſeparable part of repentance muſt be ſeriouſly thought upon and ſtudied: it is the ſcarecrow, that frights men from repentance, ſets up honour to conteſt with conſcience, and makes ſhame ſo impudent as to contradict confeſſion. He who ſtoops to the loweſt and the baſeſt arts and actions to commit a wickedneſs, would be exempted by honour from acknowledging it. And he that cannot be reſtrained by modeſty from the moſt impudent tranſgreſſions, would be abſolved by ſhame from making any confeſſion of it, and yet will not have it doubted but that he is truly penitent. What is this but mocking God Almighty, and hoping to get into heaven by a counterfeit and forged paſs, which will not get admittance into honourable company, which remits an injury without a full acknowledgment and entreaty of forgiveneſs? It is a barefaced aſſertion owned and urged commonly by thoſe, who being by ill ſucceſs brought to the brink of deſpair, carry themſelves only to the brink of repentance. That repentance is an act of the heart towards God alone, for ſome ſin com-

committed againſt his Divine Majeſty, and a begging of his pardon; and therefore the acknowledging that ſin to him alone, and renouncing it with all the reſolution imaginable, never to fall into the like again is ſufficient, and need not be attended with any public acknowledgment; which would only expoſe them to the ſcorn and reproach of other men. It may be ſo, there may be ſuch ſins as thoughts and purpoſes of the heart which can be known only to God; and it may be ſome ſinful actions too, the acknowledgment whereof particularly to God himſelf may be ſufficient, and the acknowledgment of them in public, how innocent ſoever intended, may be little leſs ſinful than the entertaining and committing them. There are thoughts and inclinations and argumentations of the heart, which though ſubdued and repented of, may, being communicated to others, propagate vice in them, with the excluſion of all thoughts of repentance, and the very commiſſion of ſome ſins which the world can take no notice of would be aggravated (though piouſly repented of) by a public acknowledgment, which in many reſpects and juſtly would be accompanied with ſhame and reproach, and in ſuch caſes ſecret and hearty repentance and acknowledgment to God alone may be ſufficient to procure his pardon and abſolution. But when the caſe is not of this nature, nor made up

of

of theſe circumſtances, when the ſins and tranſgreſſions are public and notorious, when many men have received the injury, and undergone the damage and reproach; when my neighbour hath been defrauded by my rapine and injuſtice, or traduced by my ſlanders and calumny, the acknowledgment ought to be as publick as the offence: Nor can a ſecret confeſſion to God alone conſtitute his repentance, when others are injured, though he be moſt diſhonoured, and we may without breach of charity doubt that it is a very faint repentance, that hath not ſtrength enough to come into the air, and to beg pardon and reconcilement of thoſe whom the penitent hath offended. True repentance is a very ſevere magiſtrate, and will ſtrip off all that ſhelter and covering, which would make the ſtripes to be leſs ſenſibly felt, and reckons ſhame an eſſential part of the puniſhment. It is a rough phyſician that draws out the blood that inflames and purges out the humours which corrupt or annoy the vitals, leave no phlegm to cheriſh envy, no choler and melancholy to engender pride, and will rather reduce the body to a ſkeleton, than ſuffer thoſe pernicious humours to have a ſource from whence they may abound again to infeſt the body or the mind. True repentance is inſpired with ſo much humility, that it fears nothing ſo much as to receive too

much reſpect or countenance; and is glad to meet with men as proud and cruel as thoſe ſins were which are repented of, and receives reproach and ſhame as bracelets and garlands which become it. They, who will not willingly acknowledge to thoſe perſons who have been injured by them, that they have done them wrong, have made but a half acknowledgment, and half repentance to God himſelf; have not put in that ſecurity which can only give them credit, that they will not do the ſame again; nor laid that obligation upon themſelves, which would ſtartle them when they ſhall be about to do it again. Men are not ſo eaſily tempted to commit the ſame offence again, and to the ſame man, which they have before committed and acknowledged to the ſame perſon; and men may reaſonably doubt, that they will not only be inclined to do the ſame when they have the ſame opportunity, but that they reſolve to do it, when they pretend to repent, and refuſe to acknowledge it: Nor is it poſſible for any man who is penitent in truth, to give any reaſons againſt this acknowledgment, which will not bring a great blemiſh upon his repentance, and make the ſincerity thereof to be juſtly doubted.

Beſides the diſcredit which this want of particular acknowledgment expoſes their repentance to, and the juſt ground it adminiſters

niſters to ſuſpect the truth and reality thereof, it deprives the penitent (if we may ſo call him) of very great benefit and advantage he might receive thereby: How far he can reconcile himſelf to heaven without it, is worth at leaſt a very ſerious doubt; but it is plain enough, that without it, a reconciliation with men, which is very deſirable by all good Chriſtians, is abſolutely impoſſible. Acknowledgment makes all accounts even, often ſatisfies them, and ſtops all farther demands; infallibly it prevents the aſperity in demanding; without it the debt remains ſtill, with the anger and indignation of the creditor: The debt, how deſperate ſoever, is due, and if it can never be recovered, it will always be objected; nor is there any other way to raze out the memory of it, but a free remitting it, which is often due to the acknowledgment. Acts of ſtate and indemnity may extinguiſh all penalties and puniſhments to be inflicted by law, for faults committed and injuries received; and acts of oblivion may ſo far oblige men to forget the injuries they have received, as neither to reproach or upbraid thoſe who did them, or to require ſatisfaction for the damage: but no ſuch acts, nor any authority under heaven, can take away the obligation of repentance, or inhibit acknowledgment, which is a branch of re-

pentance, though it cannot be exacted by any earthly tribunal.

He that performs this acknowledgment, and hath therewith made his repentance perfect, hath made his peace with God, and hath done his part towards doing it with men; and if it be refuſed by them, he hath made himſelf ſuperior, or at leaſt ſo equal to them, that his former injuſtice hath not ſo evil an aſpect as to fright him, and they who were injured have only gotten an argument of repentance. If acknowledgment bore no other fruit but this, that it diſburthens the breaſt of a weight that would ſink it, and makes men ſtand upon the ſame level with thoſe who were before ſuperior to them; that it makes the reproaches which were before due to them, turn afterwards to be guilt in the reproacher; it would be a full recompence for any pains in the performance, and would pay a great debt with very little money: But when the thoughts of the heart can only be known to the ſearcher of the heart, and there is an evidence due to men of the integrity of the heart, eſpecially when the malice and corruption of it hath been too notorious; men owe it to themſelves, to their reputation, to their peace of mind. To make their ſorrow for what they have done amiſs, as manifeſt as the worſt of their actions have been: and the more they are de-

lighted with their repentance, (as a greater joy and delight there cannot be in this world, than in repentance,) the more delight they take in full and frequent acknowledgment to thoſe whom they have offended. Repentance is not a barren tree, that bears only leaves for ſhadow and repoſe; but a tree that brings forth fruit meet for repentance: Without ſuch fruit it muſt be hewn down and caſt into the fire, *(Matt.* iii. 7, 8.) and acknowledgment is the leaſt precious fruit it bears. Nothing ſo common amongſt perſons of the higheſt quality and degree, when death approaches, whoſe very aſpect files off all thoſe rough and unſmooth appearances, and mortifies all haughty imagination of a faculty and qualification to do wrong, as for great men to acknowledge and aſk pardon of their meaneſt ſervants, whom they have treated unkindly; and for princes themſelves to confeſs injuries they have done, and to deſire forgiveneſs of their pooreſt ſubjects. And without doubt, what becomes a man upon his death-bed, would become him better in his full and perfect health; it may poſſibly do himſelf good then, but undoubtedly it would not have done him leſs before, and his example would have been more beneficial to others.

CONCLUSION.

THE importance of the preceding diſcourſe on repentance, muſt atone for its length, as well as the tediouſneſs and repetitions of the preceding part, which if conſidered as an apology, the author muſt ſhelter himſelf under the obſervations of Lord *Halliſax* to account for the ill ſucceſs of his zeal, which he hopes will be deemed an innocent piece of quixotiſm, an attempt to vindicate the character of an unfortunate woman, and in her the honour of human nature, without denying appearances of guilt ſufficient to juſtify the verdict; nor has any perſon occurred to the author, who pretends he ſhould have diſſented.

My Lord obſerves, that it is a dangerous taſk to anſwer objections, becauſe they are helped by the malice of mankind, (perhaps that is not the caſe at preſent, compaſſion being ready to lay hold of any excuſe.)

A bold

A bold accuſation doth at firſt draw ſuch a general attention, that it gets the world on its ſide.

To a man who hath a mind to find fault, an excuſe generally giveth farther hold.

Explaining is generally half confeſſing.

Jealouſy is as often provoked, as cured by any arguments, let them be ever ſo reaſonable.

Malice may help a fool to aggravate, but there muſt be ſkill to extenuate.

There muſt be ſtrength as well as ſkill to take off the weight of the firſt impreſſion.

The vindications men make of themſelves to poſterity would hardly be ſupported by good ſenſe, if they were not of ſome advantage to their own families.

An advocate for injuſtice is like a bawd that is worſe than her client who committeth the ſin.

There is hardly any man ſo ſtrict as not to vary a little from truth when he is to make an excuſe.

Not telling all the truth is hiding it, and that is comforting and abetting a lie.

A long vindication is ſeldom a ſkilful one.

Long doth at leaſt imply doubtful.

In doubt we muſt remain, let every man's experience aſſiſt him in ſolving the problem.

Did

Did folly or wickedneſs produce theſe ſtrange appearances?

Thoſe who have penetrated the depths of female flexibility, and critically diſcuſſed all the variety of compliances extorted from blind and impotent fondneſs, without finding any inſtance to match the folly of Miſs *Blandy*, will perhaps with reluctance maintain her guilt.

Thoſe on the other hand who have nicely ſcan'd the degrees of human guilt, have traced the fouleſt deeds from their ſource to their completion, (an enquiry more open and more intereſting) without encountering any impiety comparable to that of Miſs *Blandy*, will acquieſce in lamenting her folly. In one ſenſe all guilt indeed is folly; but to gratify one tumultuous paſſion by a daring act of impiety, is much leſs ſo than to lay the foundation of a calm and durable happineſs in guilt ſo deep, guilt that muſt corrode the vitals of each miſerable pleaſure, eſpecially as they were not denied a partial enjoyment of each other's company.

When ſhe had failed in her ſcheme, when ſhe had begun to taſte her puniſhment in this world, a diſproportionate earneſt of what was to be encountered inſtantaneouſly, unleſs by repentance redeemed. That thus ſituated, after ſo much ſhew of religion, ſhe

ſhould

ſhould add to her accumulated horrors a defiance of God; that untempted, unprovoked ſhe ſhould brave the Almighty, ſhe ſhould ſport with hell, is an idea my mind cannot admit. The idea of a woman in love playing the fool it can.

FINIS.

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